THE

# *BALTIMORE*

# WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

—*CONTAINING*—

A VARIETY OF ENTERTAINING, INSTRUCTIVE, AND USEFUL PRODUCTIONS,

—*ORIGINAL AND SELECTED*—

*Making in the whole a collection of upwards of* two hundred *different* TALES;

THE MOST LENGTHY OF WHICH ARE,

*History of Jack Smith,*
*——— Jack Martin,*
*Cottager,*
*Schabraco,*
*Pauline de Rivieres,*
*Ildegerte,*
*Edric of the Foreſt,*
*Adventures of a Louſe,*
*Character of a Gentleman,*
*&c. &c.*

SUITED TO THE PALATES OF

**The Moraliſt, Lovers of Sentiment, Poetry or Anecdote.**

LET COLD PHILOSOPHY HER LEARNING BOAST,
AND STOIC VIRTUES FREEZE TH' INSENSATE MIND—
BE MINE THE TASK, BY WELL-TOLD TALES AND GOOD;
(SOME GAY AND SPRIGHTLY—OTHERS RATHER SAD)
TO WAKE THE VARIOUS FEELINGS OF THE SOUL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
3090

**Baltimore:**

*Printed for the* EDITOR *by* WILLIAM PECHIN, *corner of Gay and Water-ſtreets.*

*June 10th*, 1801.

AP2
.B26
OFFICE

# The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

*For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;*
*Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1800.

## TO THE PUBLIC,

*And Patrons of the Baltimore Weekly Magazine.*

IN offering this work to the world, I do it with a confidence in public patronage not eaſily to be ſhaken; nor will I believe, until actual experiment ſhall have proved the fact, but that *Baltimore* will afford a liberal ſupport to one literary eſtabliſhment, whilſt the more northern towns abound with ſcientific publications of the ſame nature, and meet with a generous encouragement.

Diſcarding almoſt every idea, ſave thoſe attached to the *Belle-Lettres* and their concomitants, it ſhall be my ſole endeavor to give to *The Weekly Magazine* an excellence which may render it valuable to every claſs in ſociety:—its pages ſhall ne'er be ſullied by the rancorous ſpirit of party on the ſcore of politics; *Modeſty* will meet with nothing diſcordant to the ear; neither ſhall "*ſlander vile*," with all its train of character-blaſting calumnies, find admittance here.—The dangerous, and too often malevolent, *theologiſt*, may keep aloof, for unleſs the diſquiſition is peculiarly and generally informing, it will not procure a place.

Thus profeſſing and thus determined, I iſſue the firſt number of this work, and invite GENIUS, ſo ſhe come not "in a queſtionable ſhape," to communicate her productions for inſertion—the Biographical Sketch, the Moral Eſſay, the Philoſophical Enquiry, and Poetical Effuſion, I ſhall be happy to receive from the pens of the learned and ſentimental.

That the Magazine, however, may not be objected to on the ſcore of its not containing an account of circumſtances that are daily occurring, generally denominated *News*, I will condenſe and arrange in the moſt chronological order poſſible, and give a ſyllabus of the crude and irregularly-detailed matter of each week, emanating from the diurnal prints, ſo that it may not only be valuable in the preſent day, but remain a conciſe and inſtructive Repoſitory of ſcientific narrative and general events.

Embracing in this manner a copious fund of information and amuſement, it would be fruitleſs in me to point out the advantages accruing to ſubſcribers—to families, to ſchools, to every deſcription of perſons it will be uſeful; and making at the termination of a year a neat volume of four hundred and ſixteen pages, it may be preſerved as a reſource to which the mind may reſort for genuine food.

In the firſt two or three numbers, it muſt be expected that I ſhall not be enabled to give the readers of the Magazine ſo much *originality* as will hereafter be in my power, when its circulation has become more extended, and dormant abilities arouſed from their ſtupefaction; I ſhall conſequently endeavor to counterpoiſe this deficit by the beſt ſelections from works of merit.

I now conclude, with a general and ſincere requeſt to thoſe who are accuſtomed to wield the pen, to furniſh me with their labors, which will always be thankfully received at the Printing-Office of Mr. William Pechin, No. 37, corner of South Gay and Water-ſtreets, by

*The public's obedient ſervant,*

JOHN B. COLVIN.

*April 26th*, 1800.

## THE HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

READER if thou art eager to begin this hiſtory, thou mayeſt ſafely ſkip over

*THE INTRODUCTION,*

which only explains the cauſe, and has nothing to do with the ſtory.

—

"WHAT is a novel?" was a queſtion broached by a poor wight of an author from the table of a modern lord Cheſterfield—a poor author at the table of a modern lord Cheſterfield!!!—Methinks I hear thee ſay, "Impoſſible, abſurd! Well, ſir, go on."

J—— Marquis of ——, whoſe taſte and munificence are as excellent and diffuſive as the very otto of roſes themſelves, ſome years ago had made a very conſpicuous figure in the zenith of adminiſtration. The party-writers of the day thought proper about this time to abuſe his lordſhip's conduct without mercy, when Mr. Penready, by the recommendation of his bookſeller, ſtarted up as his champion.

Mr. Penready had been lately tranſlating the Grecian and Roman orators; he caught their fire, their enthuſiaſm, and rapture; he wrote, he publiſhed, and wonders followed the work: a ſecond and a third edition rapidly ſucceeded each other; thouſands wrote againſt him; the ſwiniſh multitude, whoſe voice is fame, equally praiſed the ſubject and himſelf: and his lordſhip on a ſudden found his character retrieved, as it were, from the clouds, at leaſt from as airy a ſituation, four ſtories high.

The bookſeller had originally paid a certain price for the pamphlet; but his lordſhip ſoon enquired for his defender, and ſent his one hundred pound note, with a deſire that he would wait upon him.

Mr. Penready, in raptures at his good fortune, firſt purchaſed a complete and freſh, (if not new) ſuit of clothes; complete and freſh, from that ragged thing which before ſcarcely reached to his loins, to the inſignificant piece of ſtring which had tied his ſhoes. A new bob wig and a large cocked hat completed the man.

Thus equipped, Mr. Penready ſallied forth to the auguſt manſion of the Marquis, with a ſmall copy of verſes in his pocket. In his way through the Strand, an elegant ſnuff-box and genteel cane were added to his retinue at Exeter Exchange, as auxiliary recommendatories: and having knocked at his lordſhip's gate, and turned upon his toe, he gaily uttered the expreſſive term, which had long been baniſhed from his lips, "*Damme!*"

While Mr. Penready ſent up his name, he could not fail admiring his whole length in a large mirror of his noble patron's in the anti-room; and as he knowingly clapped his hat under his arm, plucked his wig before and ſmote his late purchaſe upon the ground, he gave a ſmile that a youthful king newly ſeated on his throne might have envied.

Mr. Penready was not ſuffered to wait long. The Marquis received him with his accuſtomed politeneſs, warmly ſhook him by the hand, thanked him, and promiſed him his favor. The author, agreeably aſtoniſhed at the great kindneſs ſhewn him, humbly preſented his poetry: and his lordſhip was ſo well pleaſed with the verſes, that, after carefully caſting his eye over the poet's dreſs, and being perfectly ſatisfied with the *tout enſemble*, he deſired the favor of his company to dinner.—Mr. Penready thought his patron meant *ſupper*, as he had eat his morſel ſome few hours before; he did not contradict the noble Marquis, but with proper humility accepted the offer.

After dinner his lordſhip purpoſely led the ſubject to literary matters: the pamphlet was mentioned. Mr. Penready—who had learned the art of flattery by frequent attendance on his bookſeller—judiciouſly remarked that he had never before written with any ſucceſs, which he attributed to his having generally dealt in fiction;—"but truth," ſaid he, "is ſo prevailing, that a clear ſtatement of the circumſtances was all that was neceſſary to enſure my ſucceſs."

The moſt faſhionable kind of writing next came in debate, and *novels* were declared to be the reigning taſte of the day. This drew from the bard, at the bottom of his lordſhip's table, that ſimple queſtion before ſtated—"*What is a Novel!*"

All the company at once prepared to anſwer it;—but as the ladies were not yet retired, the gentlemen very politely gave place, and Lady Bell Vivant, who ſat at the right hand of General Dejuine, who ſat next to the fair hoſteſs, began: "A novel ſhould be a delicate explanation of thoſe tender ſcenes which a common hiſtorian neither underſtands nor conceives. It ſhould be well ſtored with gordian knots, which the hero may at once cut through, but the heroine muſt nicely unravel."

"Nay," ſaid a maiden lady immenſely rich, ſomewhat ſatirical, and to whom every Hymeneal preferment looking gentleman in the company paid his devoirs, "is it not an illuſtration of *true* love, diſtinguiſhed from that baſe and multifarious ſpecies with which the world is ſo much peſtered."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined the general, who had already paſſed his thirtieth year, "it is a deſcription of Love with his two attendants, Courage and Fidelity

conducting his enwrapt votaries through the labyrinths of life to the blisful Temple of Hymen."

"I presume," said Dr. Aquatic quickly—a famous physician, who had learnedly elucidated the medicinal properties of the various waters at the various watering places,—"a novel is an analysis of love, with the very essence of honor, and a *quantum sufficit* of all the common virtues and vices properly mixed together."

"Rather," retorted an old Cynic, "a novel is a compilation of forced events confusedly jumbling against each other; 'tis Love run mad, Honor stripped naked, the Passions dancing the hays together, and Virtue, common Sense and Propriety turned out of doors. A novel is the last refuse of every blockhead of a scribbler."

This the old gentleman uttered with such a strong sarcastic sneer, that it occasioned a momentary pause; which a reverend divine, Doctor of Divinity and head of a public school, taking the advantage of, with great gravity said, "It is in truth, my dear sir, the *cacoethes scribendi*. I never heard of such a thing among the ancients as a *novel!* The Grecians and Romans knew far better. 'Tis a modern invention, formed by the degenerate faculties of the present day, and drawn from the very dregs of the cup of literature."

"Ancients! Oh, horrid!—then I rejoice I did not live in those wretched days," cried a young lady whose very pretty face was an excuse for any want of reflection, "a novel, my dear sirs, explains to us what your musty old Homers never dreamed of: it contains the language of the soul, the secrets of the mind, and the treasures of the heart."

The poor author, whose head began to droop under the table, and whose pen oil had fallen from his hand felt himself again revived, and picked up his pencil with renewed spirits: while Major O'Sarvice, a venerable officer, a gentleman of Ireland, and who had risen to his Majority entirely by his merit, exclaimed, "My sweet little angel, you speak a language that would have done the old Grecians and Romans good to have heard ye.—By my soul, I believe a novel is the first writing under the sun: it is no burthen to the thought: and a General—I mean a General in the field—may draw his lines, form his entrenchments, and read a novel all the while, without having his dear—I think you call them—intellects and ideas confused at all."

"Then," replied Mr. Precise, who always when he spoke attempted to say something pretty, though the ladies agreed the best of his endowments was an estate of ten thousand a year, "a novel is like good sauce that will agree well with any dish; it is the pancreatic juice of letters; it is ———"

"A novel," cried a punster, breaking the thread of his discourse, "may then at once be defined—the *most palatable* sort of writing."

"If you mean to be the friend of the people," said Mr. Le Tyrant, whose wife had died the week before of a broken heart, "shew them the miseries and wretchedness of their situation; let them no longer fancy that they are free and happy, but boldly attack their laws, religion and government, and—"

Here he was interrupted by a very young Cornet at his Lordship's right hand. "Prove to them by the example of the French disciples of freedom, how good a thing it is to want those ties; there no shackles confine the mind for life; titles, honors, and connections are there unknown; nor need the marriage tie anxiously wait for death to dissolve it. Then may your novel, sir, rank among that illustrious sort which modern ingenuity has fabricated, and taken such pains to circulate round the country."

The warmth of the young hero, who had just left Westminster school, finished Mr. Le Tyrant's description of a novel; and the noble hostess herself, to put a stop to any altercation, next gave her opinion—"A novel, I think, should be a faithful delineation of those minuter events in the world, which the grandeur of the lofty historian disdains to notice. It should be a clear and simple history of individuals in common life, where domestic intercourse and natural occurrences shew the characters; the virtues and vices of human nature should be pourtrayed, and the excellency of the one, and destructive tendency of the other, clearly exemplified."

"The writer," continued her noble husband, "should, like Ulysses, be a man who well knows the manners, customs, and habits of mankind, and particularly of those he means to describe. I took up a novel the other day at my bookseller's, unknowing of the author, and opened it in a page where the writer attempted to draw the behavior of a set of young men at the University of Oxford. It is not so many years since I left college, as to be ignorant of scenes of that kind. How was I astonished! I read page after page, but in vain I sought for the place or manners I so well knew. 'I am ignorant,' said I to the bookseller, 'who your author may be, but this I will venture to say, he has neither had the education of a gentleman, nor been accustomed to the company he describes.' I since found I was right; the book was written by the well known Thomas Blackman, more famous for his translations (for I understand he is a won-

derful linguiſt) than for any publications of his own he has ever yet offered to literary notice. I recommend it therefore to you, Mr. Penready, and to all writers intending to favor the world with novels, to be thoroughly acquainted with thoſe ſcenes you purpoſe to draw."

"Alas! my Lord," replied the poor author, "my principal ſcenes then muſt be in a garret!"

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] to //

## SPENSER, JOHNSON, AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE characters of theſe three great maſters of Engliſh poetry are ſketched by Fuller, in his Worthies of England. It is a literary morſel that muſt not be paſſed by. The criticiſms of thoſe who lived in or near the times when authors flouriſhed merit our obſervation. They ſometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

He obſerves on SPENSER, "The many *Chauceriſms* uſed (for I will not ſay affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be *blemiſhes*, known by the learned to be *beauties* to his book; which notwithſtanding had been more SALEABLE, if more conformed to our modern form of languages.

On JOHNSON—"His parts were not ſo ready *to run of themſelves*, as able to anſwer the ſpur; ſo that it may be truly ſaid of him, that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own induſtry. He would *ſit ſilent* in learned company, and ſuck in *(beſides wine)* their ſeveral humours into his obſervations. What was *ore* in *others*, he was able to *refine* himſelf.

"He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, & taught the ſtage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled with downright obſcenity) and took not at the *firſt ſtroke*, as at the *rebound*, when beheld the ſecond time; yea, they will endure reading, ſo long as either ingenuity or learning are faſhionable in our nation. If his latter be not ſo ſpriteful and vigorous as his firſt pieces, all that are old will, and all who deſire to be old ſhould, excuſe him therein."

On SHAKESPEARE—"He was an eminent inſtance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, ſed naſcitur*; one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his *learning* was but very little; ſo that as *Corniſh diamonds* are not poliſhed by any lapidary, but are pointed and ſmoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, ſo *Nature* itſelf was all the *art* which was uſed upon him.

"Many were the *wit-combats* betwixt him and Ben Johnſon, which two I beſold like a *Spaniſh great galleon*, and an *Engliſh man of war*. Maſter *Johnſon*, (like the former) was built far higher in learning; *ſolid* but *ſlow* in his performances. *Shakeſpeare*, with the Engliſh man of war, leſſer in *hulk*, but lighter in *ſailing*, could *turn with all tides*, and take advantages of *all winds*, by the quickneſs of his wit and invention.

## NED SCAMPER. A CHARACTER.

NED Scamper was born to a good eſtate, which he determined to improve, and therefore, as ſoon as he become of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and a ſtallion, and bred horſes for the courſe. He was at firſt very ſucceſsful, and gained ſeveral of the plates at the expence of little more than double their value. At laſt, he diſcovered that victory brought him more honour than profit; reſolving, therefore, to be rich, as well as illuſtrious, he repleniſhed his pocket by another mortgage, become on a ſudden a daring *better*, and reſolved not to truſt a jockey with his fortune, rode his horſe himſelf, diſtanced two of his competitors the firſt heat, and at laſt won the race, by preſſing his horſe on a deſcent to full ſpeed, at the hazard of his neck. His eſtate was thus repaired, and ſome friends, who had no ſouls, adviſed him to give over; but Ned who knew the way to riches, and therefore, without caution, increaſed his expences. From that hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horſe race, and riſing ſoon to the ſummit of equeſtrian reputation, he was conſtantly expected on every courſe, divided all his time between lords & jockies; &, as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horſe, and ſecretly on another. Ned was now ſo ſure of growing rich, that he involved his eſtate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and riſqued his whole fortune upon *Miſs Slamerkin*. He mounted with beating heart, ſtarted fair, and won the firſt heat; but in the ſecond, as he was puſhing againſt the foremoſt of his rivals, his girth broke, his ſhoulder was diſlocated and before he was diſmiſſed by the ſurgeons, two bailiffs ſaſtened upon him, and he ſaw Newmarket no more.

*Hunting the* WILD BULL *in the* EAST INDIES. *Extract from a Journey over land to India, by Donald Campbell, Eſquire.*

"WHEN I was under the command of Captain, afterwards General Mathews, in his regiment of cavalry," ſays the author, "being cantoned at a place called Tuckolam, in the neighbourhood of extenſive woods, information was brought us that wild bulls infeſted the neighbouring vil-

lages, and had killed some people: we prepared to enter the woods, and destroy, if possible, those ferocious animals, which had become the terror and destruction of the contiguous country. The origin of those wild herds was thus:—From time immemorial, a religious custom had prevailed amongst the Pagan inhabitants, of offering a calf to the wood upon the accomplishment of any favorite purpose, such as the safe delivery of his wife, or the obtaining an employment, &c. in process of time, those calves bred, and became numerous and incredibly fierce. Independent of protecting the defenceless natives, it was in itself a most interesting kind of hunting. The mode of doing it was this;—a large party, well mounted, galloping in a body up to a great flock, and marking out the fiercest champion of the whole, attacked him with sword and pistols. One day, a bull which was wounded, and thereby rendered more fierce, though not less vigorous, got posted in some thick bushes, in such manner as to be approached only in front: a whim of the most extravagant kind came into my head, suggested by vain glory and youthful fire.—I thought it ungenerous for so many to attack him at once; and, wishing to have the credit of subduing him, I dismounted from my horse, and attacked him with a pike: I soon, however, had cause to repent this rash and unwarrantable step; it had nearly been fatal to me—for the bull soon threw the pike into the air, and, had it not been for the very gallant exertions of my brother officers, who rode in upon him, and rescued me when at the moment that the brute's horns had touched my coat, I must have been killed. An Indian officer, who was in my troop, particularly distinguished himself, at the imminent hazard of his life, the bull having tossed his horse and himself to a distance from his horns. At this time I was but eighteen years of age, and had not the judgment to reflect, that if I had been killed, my fate would be attended only with pity or scorn for my folly: whereas, had I succeeded, the whole reward of my danger would have been the useless applause of some youngsters, idle and inconsiderate as myself—while my rashness would have been reprobated by every man whose good opinion was worth enjoying. One or two people who were present at the time, are now living in great reputation in England. We succeeded, however, in driving those wild cattle into the interior recesses of the wood, dividing the flesh of those we killed amongst such of the poor sepoys as would eat it, and thereby rendered essential service to the contiguous villages.

"Often when I have heard, in coffee-houses and play-houses, some of our sporting sparks boasting of their prowess over a timid hare or a feeble fox, I could not help recollecting with respect the hunters of India, who chase the destructive monsters of the forest—the boar, the tyger the hyena, the bull, or the buffalo; and, while they steel the nerves, animate the courage, and, by habitual deeds of pith, fit themselves for war, render essential service to their fellow-creatures, and save the lives and property of thousands. Such greatness of spirit, under the controul of good sense, and the direction of prudence, must render a man respectable—but, if not managed with discretion, leaves a man no other praise than that of a magnanimous madman."

## ADVENTURERS.

It is not every one, whose temerity and whose ambition are equal to the adventurous heroism of

"Macedonia's Madman, and the Swede;"

whose name is handed down to posterity. Many an Alexander, and many a Charles, have been known only to their few followers, and have displayed their daring spirit in limits too narrow to engage the attention of the historian. The character of such an adventure is recorded by Fuller. With the pages of this writer, few of my readers are familiar; I shall therefore offer the *picture* of an Alexander, which, if not drawn *large as life*, is at least a *full length* in miniature.

In the county of Devon he notices one *Thomas Stuckley*, of whom he says; "Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other topic than that of *Princes*. He was a younger brother of an ancient wealthy family, being one of good parts, but valued the less by others, because overprized by himself. Having prodigally mis-spent his patrimony, he entered on several objects, and first pitched upon the peopling of Florida, then newly found out in the West Indies. So confident was his ambition, that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth, that he preferred rather to be the sovreign of a mole-hill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom; adding moreover, that he was assured he should be a prince before his death.—I hope (said Queen Elizabeth) I shall hear from you when you are stated in your principality.—I will write to you (quoth Stuckley.)—In what language? (said the Queen.) He returned—In the style of princes; *To our dear sister.*"

It appears, that his project of the Florida expedition failed for want of money, and, having been disappointed in some affairs in Ireland, he formed in his mind a treasonable conspiracy, to pursue which he passed over into Italy. He soon won the favour of Pope Pius the Fifth, and even persuaded him that with three thousand men he could beat the English out of Ireland. His holiness, whose infallibility (as Fuller archly observes) was doubted on this occasion, did all he could to encourage his adventurous

ſpirit; but this chiefly conſiſted in beſtowing on him the titles of the kingdom, which he had not yet conquored. At length he was furniſhed with eight hundred men, paid by the King of Spain for the Iriſh expedition.

Our entertaining hiſtorian proceeds to tell us "In his paſſage Stuckley landed at Portugal; juſt when Sebaſtian, the King thereof, with two Mooriſh Kings, were undertaking a voyage into Africa. Stuckley was perſuaded to accompany them. Some thought he gave up his *Iriſh* deſign, partly becauſe he was loth to be pent up in an iſland, (the continent of Africa afforded more elbow room for his atchievments) partly becauſe, ſo mutable his mind, he ever loved the laſt project (as mothers the youngeſt child) beſt. Others conceived he took this African jaunt, in order to practiſe for his Iriſh deſign; ſuch his confidence of conqueſt, that his *breakfaſt* on the *Turks*, would the better enable him to *dine* on the *Engliſh* in Ireland."

To conclude; Sebaſtian, againſt the advice of Stuckley, would immediately give battle, though the army was in great need of refreſhment. He and his friends were wholly defeated, and Stuckley, with his eight hundred men, periſhed, fighting courageouſly; on which Fuller writes two verſes,

> 'A fatal fight, wherein one day were ſlain,
> "*Three Kings* that *were*, and *One* that *would be ſain*.

*For the* BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE firſt Number of your intended *Weekly Magazine* being now daily expected, by its numerous and reſpectable patrons; permit me to expreſs my earneſt hopes and wiſhes that it may vie with any ſimilar production on this continent; not only with reſpect to typographical elegance and accuracy, but to what is in my opinion of much greater importance; originality, liberality, and diverſity of matter, together with the moſt ſacred attention to chaſtity of expreſſion.

Here, the real or imaginary PHILOSOPHER, POLITICIAN, or DIVINE, ſhould be freely permitted to inſtruct mankind.—Or expoſe the futility of their own reſpective ſyſtems and opinions.

Here, as in a clear and unprejudiced mirror, we ſhould be permitted to take an extenſive view of, *the picture of human nature*, including both its *lights* and *ſhades*.

Here, no party or opinion ſhould be proſcribed, merely becauſe it may *at preſent* be unpopular, ſtiled heretical; for as the light of ſcience increaſes daily, many opinions *now* the moſt unpopular *may* ſhortly riſe to honor and dominion:—whilſt hoary errors are conſign'd to their long meritted grave, lamented only by their own friends and offſprings.—Enthuſiaſm, Bigotry and Superſticion,

*The* GHOST *of* ADDISON.

24th April, 1800.

## RETIREMENT.

——THERE are pleaſures in humble life which the great ones of the earth know not of. The tenant of a hovel continually ſhaded by the caſtle of his lord, may experience happineſs by his fire ſide, never felt in the great hall, though the dance may be continually on the floor, and though the arches reſound with the muſic of inſtruments and the full chorus of voice. He, who pleaſes, may prefer ſplendor to gaiety, and a round of amuſements to ſucceſſions of delight. But he who looks narrowly into things, who conſiders that the object of our being is the benefitting mankind and glorifying our Maker, will chuſe more calmly and more ſecurely. He will prefer the mellow influence of retirement to the ſolar brilliance of glory: for the former is ſeldom obſcured, but the latter is often darkened. He has opportunities for reflection, and a will for doing good; he thinks on the intention of his being, like a wiſe man; and on his laſt days with cheerfulneſs; he lives a life of content, and when he dies, he leaves "the farm which his grandfather tilled," to the promiſing ſon of his boſom.

*For the* BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I recognize among our "*Bucks*" the decreaſe of the enormous cravats ſo much in vogue laſt winter. This I muſt aſcribe to the approaching warmth of the weather for it is but reaſonable to ſuppoſe that in caſe of a continuance of theſe *bolſters*, our faſhionable youth would be in danger of *ſuffocation*. However juſt this ſuppoſition may be, yet I think it would be proper for them to have medical advice on the ſubject; for as flannels worn next the ſkin are ſeldom laid aſide in ſummer, ſo the cravat, being in cloſe contact with thoſe delicate parts the *chin* and *noſe*, might, by confining it ſolely to the neck, leave the other parts, ſo long accuſtomed to a covering, expoſed and bare, thereby endangering their invaluable lives, by ſubjecting them to violent colds. I would recommend a general conſultation of the faculty on this important concern, otherwiſe the community may be in danger of loſing a whole generation of hopeful young men.

THEODA.

## Baltimore.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Among the new publications of the day "*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope*," is conspicuous in point of poetical excellence, chastity of expression, and strength of thought. These conclusions are formed from a perusal of several extracts taken from the work, which is now publishing in New-York, and may be shortly expected in this city. The author is of Scotland, just emerging from obscurity, and should he continue to elicit such bright sparks of genius, the literary world may promise itself much satisfaction from the reading his productions. A passage taken from the above work will be found in the fourth page of this Magazine.

I must not omit likewise mentioning the edition of the Dramatic Works of *Kotzebue*, translated from the German, and which I understand will be shortly completed—several of the numbers have been received and are for sale in Baltimore—to attempt to eulogize Kotzebue, would be like informing the world that the sun possesses heat.

A small elegiac poem on the death of General *Washington*, written by Dr. Caldwell, of Philadelphia, I have now in my possession. Great "classic lore" is displayed in this production; the design is good and the poetry correct—the *tout ensemble* does credit to its author.

In this city a concise and well digested Abridgment of the Laws of the United States, has been published by Mr. *Thomas Herty*. This work, we observe, has been approved of by our national legislature. It will undoubtedly be of general service to the inhabitants of the United States, and deserves universal encouragement.

### LEBRUN,

Who has been appointed one of the Consuls under Buonaparte, is distinguished for his talents in composition.

When secretary to Chancellor Maupeau, in 1770, he wrote the energetic speeches which the Chancellor delivered in the contest with the Parliaments. He has published a translation of the Iliad, more distinguished for brilliancy than fidelity. He also published a translation of Tasso, which is highly esteemed, and was ascribed to Rousseau. He was a member of the constituted assembly, in which he did not make himself very prominent. In the year 1790, he was re-chosen in the Legislative Body.

### MARMONTEL, THE FRENCH AUTHOR,

Died the last of Dec. of an Appoplexy, at Aboville, in the department of the Lower Seine. He has for several years lived in great retirement at the village of Aboville, and in [illegible] bordering upon want. When three years ago he was nominated to the Legislature, he went to the Electorial Assembly, and thanking his fellow-citizens for this mark of respect; said to them, "You behold, my friends, a body enfeebled by age, but the heart of an honest man never grows old." He was ill only a few hours before he died. He has left a wife and two children in very indifferent circumstances.

### OUTLINE of POLITICS.

In the East there appears to be little doing, since the fall of Tippoo Saheb, save the adjusting the balance of power among the petty principalities by the British administration—The "*Grand Turk*" totters on his throne; his head appears too large for his shoulders, and would have fallen before this time, were it not propped by powerful European friends—Europe presents a doleful appearance; Russia energetic, Austria palsied, Prussia *snug*, France in *dishabille*, Spain almost passive, England seeking "*ways and means*"—the campaign may have commenced, however, by this time; the crash must be dreadful; Monarchy has "heaped Pelion upon Ossa" to wage the fight against democracy—and nothing short of the re-establishment of royalty in France will content the crowned heads.

Suwarrow, with the Russian armies, is about to return to the Rhine, and the French forces are preparing for the onset.

In the United States of America, a general harmony appears to prevail, which I fear will be disturbed by the approaching elections; commerce is supported, trade extended, agriculture encouraged—in fact every class of this commonwealth appears enlivened and prosperous.

### MARRIAGE.

Married, by the reverend Mr. Richards, Mr. *Owen Todd*, (son of James Todd, esquire, of Pennsylvania) to Miss *Mary Besett*, both of Baltimore.

### DEATHS.

Died, in Baltimore, on the 18th instant, Mr. *Gerard Hopkins*.

—— at Fredericksburg, (Virg) *William Wiatt*, esquire, post-master, after a lingering illness.

☞ *Those persons inclined to support this publication, are respectfully informed that an extra number will be struck off and retained in the office, in order that the files may be preserved in a perfect state.*

*A well painted portrait of the influence of* HOPE *on parental affection.*

[From Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.]

LO! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her little son with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy,
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as thy manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul: but ah! more blest than he,
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past.
With many a smile thy sorrows shall repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say when summoned from the world and thee
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near?
Oh wilt thou come? at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?"
So speaks affection 'ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learn'd to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening pray'r,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile,
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guiltless bosom, true to sympathy!

THE ASSES CALLED TO ORDER.

AN EPIGRAM.

AS *Thumpenshion*, famous for ejaculation,
Was holding it forth to a large congregation,
An ass in the yard of his chapel that graz'd,
With the vehement tones of the pastor amaz'd,
And instinctively curious to see what was there,
Pok'd his head through a window thrown open for air;
And scar'd at the set of long faces in sight,
In his natural language gave vent to his fright;
When a wag started up, and, to heighten the jest,
Both the ass and the priest, he in turns thus address:
"Dear gem'men, let order with argument chime,
"You are pretty well match'd, but pray—*one at a time.*"

THE STREAMLET—A SONNET.

GENTLE stream, thy constant motion
Is the emblem of my mind;
Thou dost seek thy parent ocean;
I my own true love would find.

Day and night thy meek complainings
Swell the ambient perfum'd air;
Morn and eve my tender wailings,
Moan my *Anna*, chaste and fair.

Pure as chrystal is thy water;
I can boast a heart as true;
*Anna*, beauty's fairest daughter,
It doth beat alone for you.

Vainly warring winds howl o'er thee,
Still thy current peaceful flows;
Vainly fortune may assail me,
I defy her threaten'd woes.

When upon thy green bank straying,
In the flood her form should shine;
And, though absent, still she's playing
In this love-sick heart of mine.

Thou conceal'st no yawning cavern;
I ne'er play'd deception's part.
I thy pebbly bed can discern,
Love may read my constant heart.

*Printed by* J. B. COLVIN, *at* PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-streets—*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch—and on the* most *moderate terms.*